THINK

December 1961

Front cover: Tree trunks and rampart at St. Malo, Brittany, form dramatic frame for the English Channel. For the story of the romantic old Channel — its past, its future, its influence on the people who inhabit its shores, like the Breton woman gathering seaweed below — see page 2.

THINK®

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DWAYNE ORTON, Editor; JAMES B. O'CONNELL, Managing Editor; QUENTIN JOHNSON, Associate Editor; CLARA CLARK and EDWARD F. PIERCE, Editorial Associates; BENITO P. CARUCCI, Art Director; FRANK PARDOW, Circulation Manager. Address all communications to THINK Magazine, 590 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. THINK accepts no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts; nor for opinions expressed by its authors. Its signed articles may not always express the views of its publishers. Please inform us immediately of any change in your address to avoid interruption in your receipt of THINK. Distributed in Canada on behalf of International Business Machines Company, Limited, Don Mills Road, Toronto, Ontario. THINK Magazine is published monthly by International Business Machines Corp., New York, N. Y. Officers: THOMAS J. WATSON, JR., Chairman of the Board; ALBERT L. WILLIAMS, President; RICHARD H. BULLEN, Treasurer; HENRY W. TRIMBLE, JR., Secretary.

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A MEMO TO OUR READERS:

Several years ago a large Midwestern town showed signs of fatal illness. Some of its citizens sat around the bedside watching as the patient sank rapidly. Others studied the case and decided to administer a dose of strong medicine. Today the patient is back on its feet. In fact, the city looks better than ever. The city is Evansville, Indiana.

Cities do die, of course. And then they become ghost towns. This country's westward push left dozens in its wake. But the important fact to know is that if citizens care enough and work hard enough, if they won't give up, they can restore a failing city to new health.

The citizens of Evansville cared enough. When a few industries moved away, and new jobs became scarce, the town formed a bewildering series of action groups to arrest the trend. They dug up the facts about their town, both good and bad. Then they summoned the will to exploit the good news and the courage to face the bad news.

The result? A town that is a better place in which to live, to work, to raise children. The responsible people who live there would not call it a boom town, but, now, no one can call it a doom town.

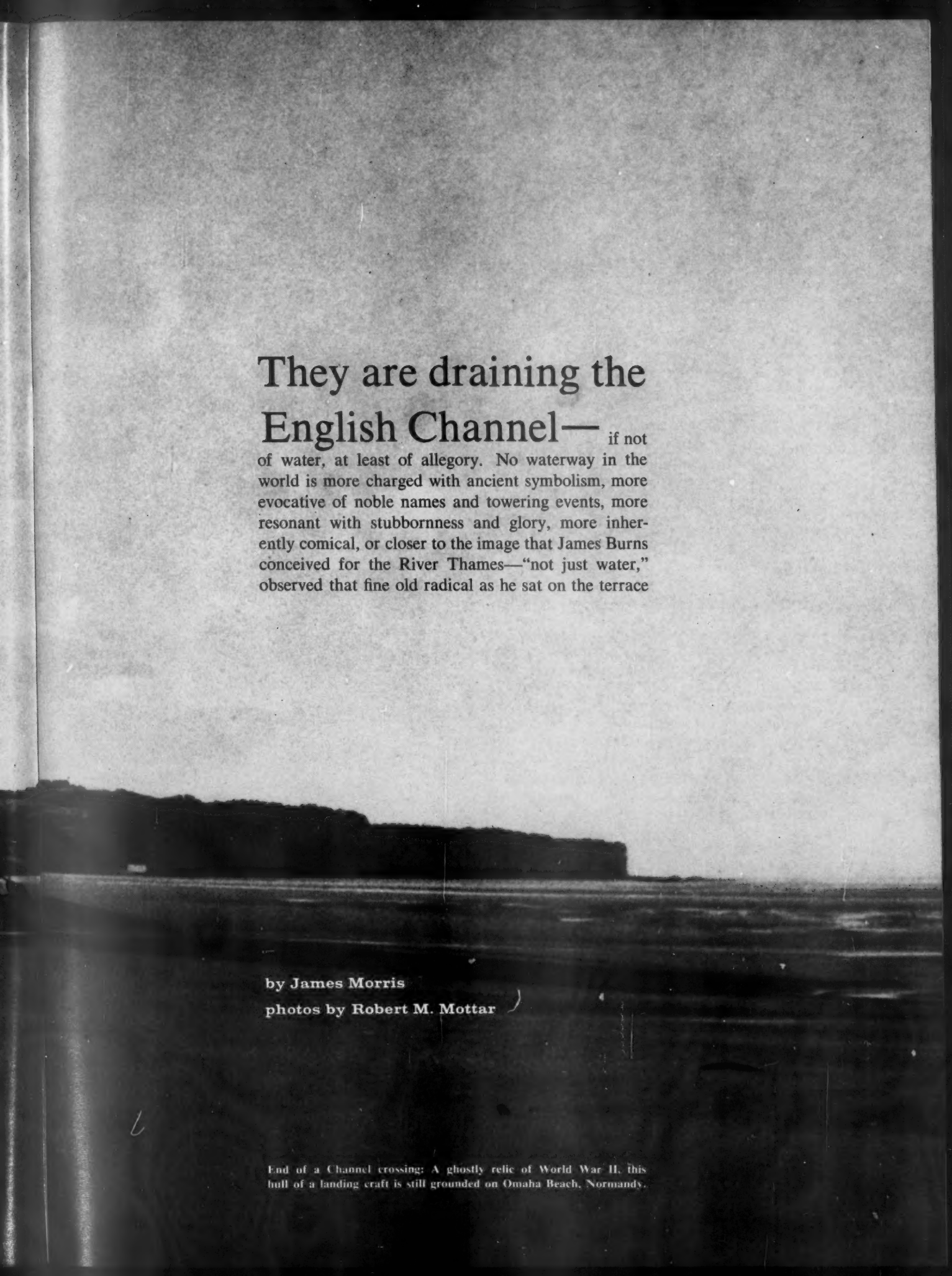
The moral? If your town shows those faint signs of creeping decay the course is clear: Go thou and do likewise. But first, read how Evansville did it, in George Scullin's article, page 15.

— THE EDITORS

They are draining the English Channel— if not

of water, at least of allegory. No waterway in the world is more charged with ancient symbolism, more evocative of noble names and towering events, more resonant with stubbornness and glory, more inherently comical, or closer to the image that James Burns conceived for the River Thames—"not just water," observed that fine old radical as he sat on the terrace

by James Morris
photos by Robert M. Mottar



End of a Channel crossing: A ghostly relic of World War II, this hull of a landing craft is still grounded on Omaha Beach, Normandy.

The author, an Englishman by birth and inclination, is a newspaper correspondent by profession. Formerly with the *London Times,* now with the *Manchester Guardian,* he has in the past 10 years covered, and written books about Venice, the Middle East, South Africa, the USA. He is currently writing a book about the World Bank.

and Ushant, at the head of the Bay of Biscay, and it ends at the Strait of Dover, where its chill gray waters spill into the North Sea. At its widest it is perhaps 100 miles across, at its narrowest only 22 miles, so insignificant that if you stand on the ridge above Calais on a fine spring day you may watch through your binoculars the scurrying buses on Dover front. It is only 30 fathoms deep on the average, and never more than 100 fathoms, which means that any self-respecting Manhattan skyscraper, the Chrysler Building, say, would protrude comfortably from its surface. Sometimes it is sparkling, in a salty, boisterous sort of way, but more often it is drear, choppy and unfriendly, racked by sou'westers out of the Atlantic, frequently veiled in fog or drizzle, a place of haunting bell buoys in the night, of evil sands and savage undertows, cruel currents sweeping into St. Malo, strange double tides up the Solent. Thousands of yachtsmen sail these waters any fine weekend, tacking in their flotillas out of Chichester or Dinard; but the Channel is no pleasure pond, for all its modest scale. It is a harsh and often perilous stretch of water, its frankest memorial the melancholy wrecks that litter the Goodwin Sands, their toppled masts and shattered rusting upperworks brooding there, dismal among the holiday boats.

No great cities have risen on the shores of this waterway, only ports and warlike bases, gateways to the interiors of France and England, watering places like Weymouth (where George III reintroduced the world to the pleasures of sea bathing, to the strains of an attendant military band), harbors like Le Havre (where the Seine, with many a haughty circumambulation, comes down to the sea from Paris). Many virile peoples of antiquity, though, ravaged or inhabited both its coasts: Stone Age men with axes and long skulls, dark Iberians trekking up from Spain, Belgae out of the German forests, Romans, Saxons sweeping down from the north, plated Normans and skimble-skamble Celts. By and large, they did not view the Channel with any superstitious respect, and spilled across it, one way or the other, with belligerent aplomb.

In war it seemed, in those days, only a petty obstacle, for the idea of sea-defense had not been born. Neither Julius Caesar nor William the Conqueror regarded these turbulent waters with any mystical eye; they had to be crossed in the course of a campaign, and crossed they accordingly were. The Norse warriors knew the Channel coasts like the backs of their hands, and even as late as 1377 raiders from France fired Dover, Rye, Hastings, Portsmouth and Plymouth all in one exhilarating year. In peace, too, even after the Reformation, the Channel was scarcely inhibiting. For several generations the English kings were suzerains in France, too, and many a Norman gentleman held estates on both sides of the water. In the Middle Ages especially, the essential rapport between the European peoples transcended geography; the Channel seemed no more than a tiresome ford, and the scholars and traders of Europe considered England only another province of their own continent. Latin, the great *lingua franca,* stepped lightly across the Channel, and so did the ideas of the New Learning. Cotswold wool fed the mills of Caen, Norman stone built the cathedral of Canterbury, the galleys of Venice brought to their English customers the spices of the Levant, the wines of Greece, the armor and glassware of Italy (there is a graveyard at Southampton reserved for Venetian galley men who died on sales duty in England).

In the 16th century, if you wanted to cross the Channel, you simply went down to the waterfront at Calais and found a likely skipper. No customs formalities delayed you, no immigration authorities demanded your papers, and when at last you stepped ashore at Dover, sea-green but undaunted, you found yourself, even then, among people of your own kind, honoring the same values, cherishing the same culture, brothers in the European spirit. (Though there were exceptions to these genial rules: When Erasmus left England in 1518, the authorities at Dover confiscated all his money — currency regulations, said they in a tone of voice we all know, prohibited the export of gold.)

But as England, by an implicit exertion of the national will, wrenched herself away from the body of Europe, so the Channel became something more than a queasy interlude in a trade route, or even a kind of watery jousting-ground. It became a barrier — and a mystique. To the English it became the moat that protected them against the onslaughts of alien powers and heresies, the fortified ditch that cherished their sceptred isle, "bound in with the triumphant sea." For many centuries the Channel has maintained England inviolate — in manners, in methods, in institutions. For many centuries she has been the perpetual outsider, shrouded always in enigma, so that the world has never properly understood her, and most books about her have wondering, speculative titles: *The English Enigma,* or *The English — Are They Human?*

The Sleeve that Made History

In 900 years there has been only one proper invasion of England, plus a couple of false alarms, and in that incorrigible island even the cars drive on the wrong side of the road. Until now, everything about England has been different, often unique, from the food to the rolled umbrellas. The French name for the Channel, La Manche, means only "the sleeve," implying that this waterway is a mere creek or inlet of the Atlantic. But for many a long generation it has been the English name for this sheet of water, robust, rugged and defiant, that has best expressed its transcendental meaning.

To Napoleon, harrassed as he was everywhere by the British command of the sea, the Channel represented, in what must have been the most maddening way, a last obstacle

to self-fulfillment. Across that petty ditch the English pulled long noses at him with undeserved impunity, scoffing at Old Boney as he dipped his toes shivering in the water, lampooning his landlubber generals, confidently preparing the ignominy of his Grand Army, 120,000 strong and hitherto invincible. "Which is the way to London?" demands the Emperor in one contemporary cartoon, and he is answered by an English yokel brandishing what looks like a gigantic toasting-fork. "Why, thro' my body," this rustic retorts —"but I'll be thro' yourn virst!" Napoleon seems to have surveyed the Channel with a queer mixture of contempt and misunderstanding. All he needed, he told his admirals airily, was "24 hours' command of the Narrow Seas." He even struck medals commemorating the French conquest of England, ingenuously inscribed with the words *"Frappé à Londres en 1804."*

An Ectoplasmic Cocoon

But the Channel defeated him, and turned his thoughts to Russia. It was already very much an English Channel, if only because natural deep-water ports were scarce on the French side, and the incomparable English fleets controlled it like a vise; and it was from that cathartic moment, I suspect, out of which England emerged as the paramount power of the earth, that the Channel acquired its full allegorical quality, its sense of mystic separation. It was in the 19th century that the British really became islanders. From that time to this the Channel has cocooned them like an ectoplasm. Behind it, during their golden era of supremacy, the Brass Age, the English fostered all their modern quirks and peculiarities, their idiosyncracies of taste and gesture, their stiff upper lips and their old school ties, their Rupert Brookes and their Bertrand Russells, and all the paraphernalia of detachment that has so often bemused and baffled the world.

It was during the Victorian era that the Channel Joke caught on. The seasick traveler on the Calais packet emerged as one of the stock figures of English humor, like the desert island castaway, or the club bore. The national inability to speak French became, in the 19th century, as ubiquitous a subject for complacent self-mockery as it has been until recently among the Americans. Only 21 miles of water separated the English from the French, but the span began to feel like an ocean. Paris, once so easily familiar in books if not in fact, to every cultivated Englishman, became a very talisman of exoticism; and conversely, to Frenchmen London became an outpost of the queerer vices. You have only to read the voyagers' memoirs of the Victorian era to realize how deeply the little Channel had come to divide these neighbors — Taine analyzing Londoners as though they were rowdy Polynesians, anybody's great-aunt raising her eyebrows with fastidious amusement as she wrote up her journal in Bordeaux.

Mute mementos of two Channel eras: Castle ruins at Kent . . . .

. . . . and the American Military Cemetery, Omaha Beach, Normandy.

On the Cornwall coast, picnickers call it a day.

On the Brittany coast, with the misty silhouette of Mont St. Michel on the horizon, a happy French boy helps tend sheep.

It was not war that drove them apart — between 1815 and 1914 the only battle fought in the Channel was the duel off Cherbourg between the Alabama and the Kearsage. It was only water.

In the first World War, the Germans did not even contemplate a Channel crossing. In the second, Hitler, like Napoleon, seemed to play with the idea as a child apprehensively tinkers with a strange toy, baffled but fascinated. Like Napoleon, he seemed to ignore the hazards of tides and currents, and the overwhelming sea experience of the British. Like Napoleon, he deluded himself that only a few hours would be sufficient to transport his great armies to the English coast. Like Napoleon, he proclaimed his ambitions brashly in advance: "When people are very curious in Great Britain," he told an audience in Berlin in 1940, "and ask *'Yes, but why doesn't he come?'* we reply: *'Calm yourselves! Calm yourselves! He is coming! He is coming!'* " He seems to have been unable to get to grips with the problem. The sea was infinitely alien to his experience, and the Channel was a complication he preferred, consciously or not, to eye sidelong. Behind it the British, in the last triumphant fling of their imperial grandeur, stood dogged, and it was illustrative of the character the Channel had assumed in their minds that one of the great mysteries of the war surrounded a rumored invasion attempt in 1941, when the church bells of the kingdom rang the alarm, the grapevine quivered with marvelous legends, and all England rang with tales of German divisions burnt alive at sea by unsuspected secret weapons. The German guns on the Pas de Calais blazed away across the Strait of Dover, and you may still see the fading tally of their gunfire, chalked up shell by shell, in the crumbled ruins of their emplacements. The German aircraft streamed across the Channel night and day, reducing its waters ludicrously to scale. But for all these portents, in the folk-recesses of their hearts most Englishmen simply did not believe that the Channel could be crossed by an enemy. Its spell of magic inviolability had reduced reality to happy myth. Sure enough, it saved them once again. It closed behind them, like the Red Sea behind the Israelites, when they withdrew their shattered armies from Dunkirk. And in the end it carried them and their allies to triumph in Normandy.

But though they did not know it, they would soon be islanders no more. Mine is the last English generation, per-

haps, into whose silly eye, when the white cliffs appear at last above that gray, blurred horizon, a hot atavistic tear embarrassingly insists upon rising.

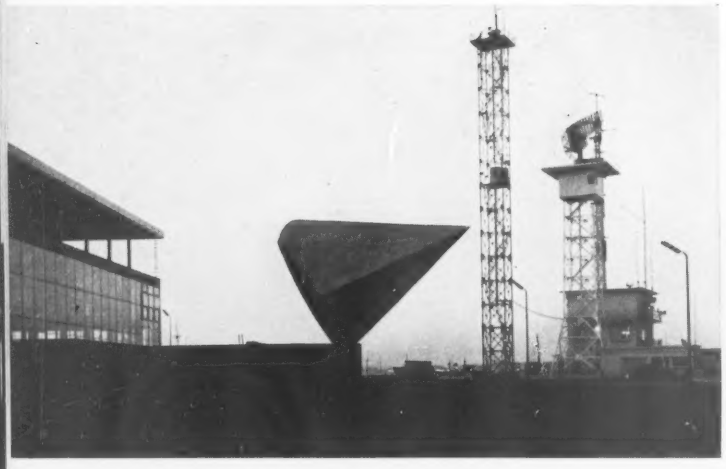
For you have only to look at London today, gaudy with espresso bars and Mediterranean colors, to sense what has happened to the English Channel. It has reverted to the French, and become no more than a sleeve of the Atlantic. The island culture of the British is being abandoned at last, and they are returning willy-nilly, almost helter-skelter, to old Europe.

Even in the Victorian era, even on the English side, people recognized the essential absurdity of the Channel's insulating function — splendid though that British isolation was, and fun though it always is to feel oneself an islander. Even in Napoleon's day it had occurred to a few visionaries that a tunnel might be dug under the Strait, and in the '50's and '60's there was a positive spate of such projects: plans for an iron tube resting on the sea bed, for a concrete tunnel standing on stilts below the surface, for a bridge with 190 towers rising 500 feet above the water, for huge piers striding deep into the Strait of Dover and connected by five-minute ferryboats. One tunnel was actually begun, and you may still see its deserted workings, forlorn upon the Kentish foreshore. Opposition, though, was profound and often frenzied. A modest proposal for a train ferry, enabling passengers to cross without changing sleeping-cars, was so ferociously resisted that it was not realized until 1936; and even in our day, men of eminence are as resolutely hostile to any Channel tunnel as were our whiskered island forebears a century ago. (I am hostile to it myself, in my innermost instincts.) A tunnel there will certainly be, though, or perhaps a bridge, within our lifetimes. For the Channel is no longer sacrosant to a generation that can not only step over it in the twinkling of an automatic eye, but can also, if it wishes, boil all its water dry at the touch of a plastic button.

New Links for Britain

And more conclusive than any bridge will be Britain's entry into the European Common Market, for this will complete a circle of history, and warm the cockles of many a ghostly trader's heart. Fifty years ago, Britain, mistress of half the world and more than half its markets, could handsomely face the world alone — could act, indeed, as often

as not, as arbiter of Europe's affairs, grandly correcting imbalances of power, here checking an emperor, there patting a revolutionary kindly on the head. Today, with empires out of date and whole continents industrialized, she is the most exposed and lonely of the Powers. Her Commonwealth links are tenuous indeed, and her supreme skills are not the marketable kind. She is once again a small, highly-talented, rigidly specialized offshore island, looking around for opportunities, tacking once again to the wind like the old adventurer she is. She has been allied, in her time, with Asia, with Africa, with America; now, at last, her interests lie in Europe. That she will eventually link herself politically with her continental neighbors seems to me beyond question; that she will do so only with regret seems to me inevitable — for it is always exhilarating to be *sui generis,* the cat that walks alone, especially when you have maintained your spiky identity through so many rumbustious rough-and-tumble fortunes. Already continental customs are nibbling at the island way, and fast superseding the American influence so apparent since the war. Already the very notion of island superiority only makes the young English snigger. Already, as Oxford and Cambridge revert to their old condition as centers of scholarship rather than high jinks, one can feel the old European comity stretching itself like Rip van Winkle, rubbing up its midnight lamps and dusting down its books. The tide of European vitality is flooding fast into Britain, and soon, with any luck, the special English talents — for toleration, political maturity, sensible government, just laws and decency — will be, in return, ennobling and strengthening the revived European civilization.



Le Havre's harbor front, rebuilt since the war, now has a contemporary look. At left is modern art museum; radar tower at right is located on Causeway of the United States.

St. Michael's Islands

How can one view such a great breaker of history, whatever one's brand of patriotism, without a stirring of the pulse, a warmth of aspiration? At the western end of the Channel, where it opens towards the swelling Atlantic, two small islands lie, one on the French side, one on the English. Between them the stream of great affairs has flowed: war and commerce, pleasure and piracy, the Romans and the Spaniards and the marauding Norsemen, Phoenicians trading for Cornish tin, Puritans seeking a New World, Nelson merrily chasing the French fleet, the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau storming through to Brest, exiles in bitterness, invaders in avarice, kings and fishermen and racy clipper captains. One island is in England, one in France. One is Catholic, one Protestant. One stands off the coast of Normandy, one across the bay from Penzance. Yet those two islands are brothers, almost twins. Each rises out of the sea like some fabled stronghold, a princess' tower, an ogre's bastion. Each is crowned by a fortress-church. Each is radiant with the romance of the European imagination. Each is called St. Michael's Mount — one in the French language, one in the English. Until Henry V of England sundered them, they were united under one abbot in honor of the Archangel; and though they have been estranged for centuries, like feuding monks squabbling over riparian rights, they are essentially symbols not of rivalry, but of brotherhood. I like to think that presently, before many Channel tides have swirled and eddied past them to the ocean, we may see those separate graces of St. Michael reconciled at last. ●

Why the British Channel joke? If the waters aren't choppy, they are often veiled in fog or drizzle.

DECEMBER 1961

Christmas As Usual?

by Roy Pearson

A clergyman strips away the tinseled wrapping that surrounds this holiday. The heart of Christmas is still there, he says, doubly significant in this troubled age.

TO BE HONEST ABOUT IT, I don't suppose that I would have taken Him in myself. Jesus, I mean. After all, why should I? For one thing, when Joseph and Mary appeared at the inn at Bethlehem, nobody knew that the baby was to be born so soon, and nobody knew that the baby was going to be Jesus. For another thing, the inn was a regular commercial establishment. Its function was to house travelers. You took them as they came, and when all of the rooms were full, why all of the rooms were full. It was as simple as that.

If I had been the innkeeper on that first Christmas Eve, I should doubtless have done what he did. I should have expressed my regret, closed the door, and gone back to my work.

Moreover, I'm not at all sure that I won't be inclined to do the same thing this Christmas. The fact is that I often get heartily sick of the whole affair. It used to be that I could count on getting into the first or second week of December before the Christmas decorations went up and the Christmas carols began. But now the Christmas celebrations start in the middle of November, and I'm beginning to feel like a schizophrenic: I can't enjoy Thanksgiving any more because just when I'm trying to concentrate my thoughts on the band of exiles who moored their bark on the wild New England shore, everybody keeps telling me I ought to be thinking about the band of shepherds who watched their flocks by night on a Palestinian hill.

Next year, it may be even worse: I may have to spend Labor Day cutting my Christmas tree.

I never thought that I could get sick of lobster, but if I had it three meals a day for a month, I suppose it might begin to wear on me. And that's the way it is with Christmas. The constant harping on it reminds me of some salesmen who have tried so hard to sell me their product that I wouldn't buy it even if I needed it, and of some preachers who have talked so much about love that I wanted to go out and kick some nice old lady in the shins. I've even been tempted to carry my trumpet downtown, take up my stand opposite the interminable carolers outside the stores, and give a rousing version of "Roll Out the Barrel!"

Of course, it isn't just the length of the ordeal that bothers me. I like its nature no more than its duration. I love my wife and my children. I love my acquaintances and my friends. I have a warm affection for my colleagues at the office, the trustees of my institution, the secretary who types my letters, and the janitor who cleans my building. I don't even hate the mailman, the milkman or the paper boy. And I don't object to giving them occasional tokens of my appreciation. But I'd like to do it on my own initiative. I don't like being shamed into it, tricked into it, or muscled into it. Some year I'm going to have courage enough to give them all empty boxes at Christmas and make my real gifts to them on some date like May 9.

Nor is that all. I like people in general, and I like them in particular. I enjoy being with them, and I'd be very lonely without them. But I must confess that I'm less than happy when the joyous Christmas spirit packs a couple of hundred of us into a subway car that was built for half the number, or pits fifty of us in a battle for an elevator that can't take more than twenty, or throws two or three dozen of us into an assault on a display of neckties that will never be worn anyway. I've yet to find a person who really enjoyed going shopping at Christmas; I've never seen more scowls than on the faces of the Christmas crowds; and the only reason I can suggest for putting myself in the midst of the mob is doing a little penance for some of my sins.

There is a great deal more that I might add. I'm all for color, for example, but when I see some of the decorations on the streets and in the stores, I feel as if I had just had an emetic. I'm all for gaiety, too, but I fail to make the connection between hailing the Prince of Peace and getting tight at the office party. And I'm all for good old St. Nick, but after looking at a hundred reproductions of his red-coated middle, I want nothing so much as to recommend a course at the reducing salon.

But I've already said enough to indicate how I feel about Christmas, and whenever the season rolls around, I'm not sure that I won't slam the door against it, join the ancient innkeeper,

and help him drown his sorrows in a glass of ginger ale.

Yet I keep facing the uneasy suspicion that I'm not being quite fair to Jesus himself. I suppose that what really troubles me is not Jesus but the hangers-on. And I suppose, further, that it was not Jesus who adopted them but they who adopted Him. The commercialization of Christmas wasn't Jesus' idea, and I'm quite confident that He would be as unhappy as I am about some of the other circumstances connected with the celebration of his birthday. The difficulty is that when you open the inn for Jesus, you let in so many who ride on his coattails. It's like electing a man to public office and then finding that everyone who ever knew him expects a job on the city payroll, and sometimes you decide that the only way to get rid of the people you didn't elect is to kick out the one you did.

Like It or Loathe It

But every now and then I find myself suspecting that what I need most in my inn is not less Christmas but more. More, that is, of the real Christmas. And whenever that happens, it makes me come to terms with the fact that — whether I like it or loathe it, whether I believe it or disbelieve it, whether I accept it or cast it aside — Christmas stands for something rather different from the things that I've been talking about. It all started, of course, with the birth of a Jewish baby in Bethlehem almost two thousand years ago, but I have to keep reminding myself that the people who thought that birth important enough to write about were fully grown men. I have to keep reminding myself that those men weren't iting for children but for adults — adults like myself. And I have to keep reminding myself that they didn't consider themselves as entertainers who told stories but as announcers who had a message of life and death for everybody. Once again, I know I can take it or leave it, but I keep telling myself that at least I ought to be fair about it: I ought to know what it is that I'm taking or leaving.

When I put Christmas in that context, I realize, for one thing, that even on the level of the merely human, Christmas commemorates a tremendously consequential event. It was not just a baby who was born in Bethlehem. That baby who was born was Jesus, and Jesus became the man of. whom it could be said that without money and arms He "conquered more millions than Alexander, Caesar, Mohammed, and Napoleon; without science and learning, he shed more light on things human and divine than all the philosophers and scholars combined; without the eloquence of the school, he spoke words of life such as were never spoken before, nor since, and produced effects which lie beyond the reach of orator or poet; without writing a single line, he has set more pens in motion and furnished themes for more sermons, orations, discussions, works of art, learned volumes, and sweet songs of praise than the whole army of great men of ancient and modern times." So, whether I like it or not, I can't really avoid the awareness that even on the level of the merely human, the event which Christmas celebrates is a very important event.

But, in the second place, neither can I really avoid the recognition that Christmas makes another claim about the event it commemorates: It claims that it was not merely human. Again, I may like it or not like it, believe it or disbelieve it. But if I'm going to throw Christmas out the window, I may as well throw it out for the right reasons, and Christmas maintains that it represents a point in history when two worlds collided and when the timeless world demonstrated its concern for the world of time. The theologians say that "the Word was made flesh," and the gospel writers use the term "Emmanuel," which means "God with us."

A Christmas Thumbscrew

But when I try to set myself straight about Christmas, it's usually enough for me to remember that I can't celebrate the real meaning of the day at all unless I celebrate an event in which the principal participant was not a shepherd or a Wise Man, not even a father or a mother, but God.

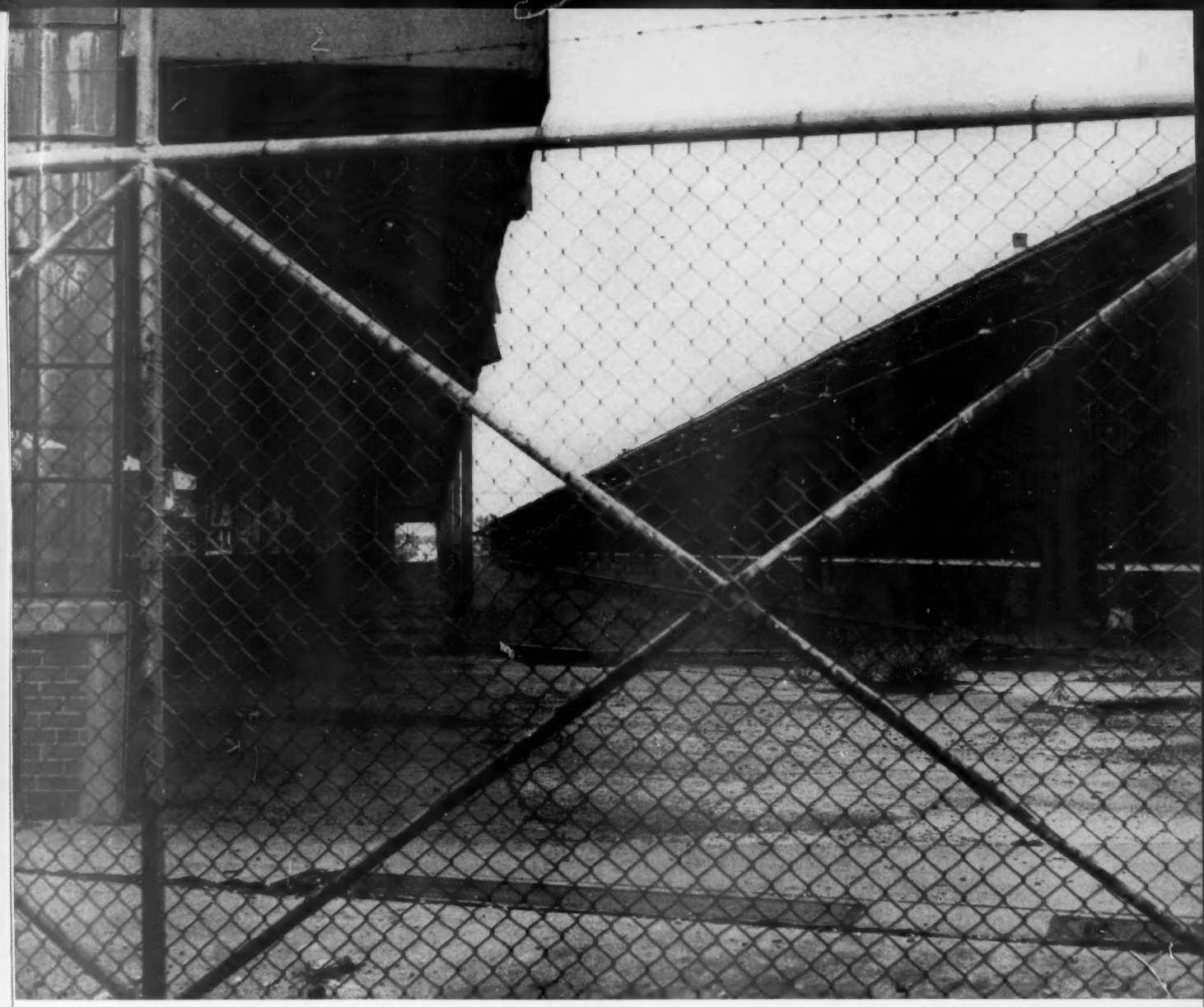
It's just here that Christmas begins to tighten the thumbscrew on me, because the third fact I can't dodge is that if God wrote the script and directed the production at Bethlehem, then size is not the measure of greatness, nor noise of importance, nor popularity of truth. Judged by common standards, the first Christmas was an unprepossessing occurrence.

A Very Special Baby

The wife of a Jewish carpenter had a baby in a stable. On the face of it, that's all that happened. But if I want to throw Christmas out for the right reasons, I've got to include its allegation that God had chosen that baby as the best means He could find for revealing Himself to His creatures. If I decide to *keep* Christmas, I've got to keep that allegation with it. And if I keep the *allegation,* I've got to take a new look at my life and my reasons for living. The baby grew up to be a man, and it doesn't take much imagination for me to see that any attempt to match my life to His would turn me upside down and inside out.

And then, fourth: Christmas means that the decisive forces of history are on the side of the just and the good, and that isn't easy for me to take. I've just visited the concentration camp at Dachau, for instance, and I can't get the gas chambers out of my mind. But however hard it is for me to accept the fact, I know that I can't have Christmas apart from the belief that God put the seal of his approval on the things that baby represented, that God is not mocked and that although his mills grind slowly, they grind exceedingly fine. In fact, I suspect that this comes pretty close to being the whole meaning of Christmas and that if I decide to get rid of it, my reason had better not be that I'm sick of Santa Claus but that I don't think man has any hope but his own brass knuckles.

But I *don't* think that, and this brings me back to what I said before: I surmise that what I need most in my inn is not less Christmas but more. More, that is, of the real Christmas. And if some of the hangers-on sneak in when I open the door, putting up with them is probably a small price to pay for having the real thing. Perhaps I can keep them in the back room. ●



A few years ago, some of Evansville's industrial areas, like that above, were silent and deserted. Today, the town is bustling.

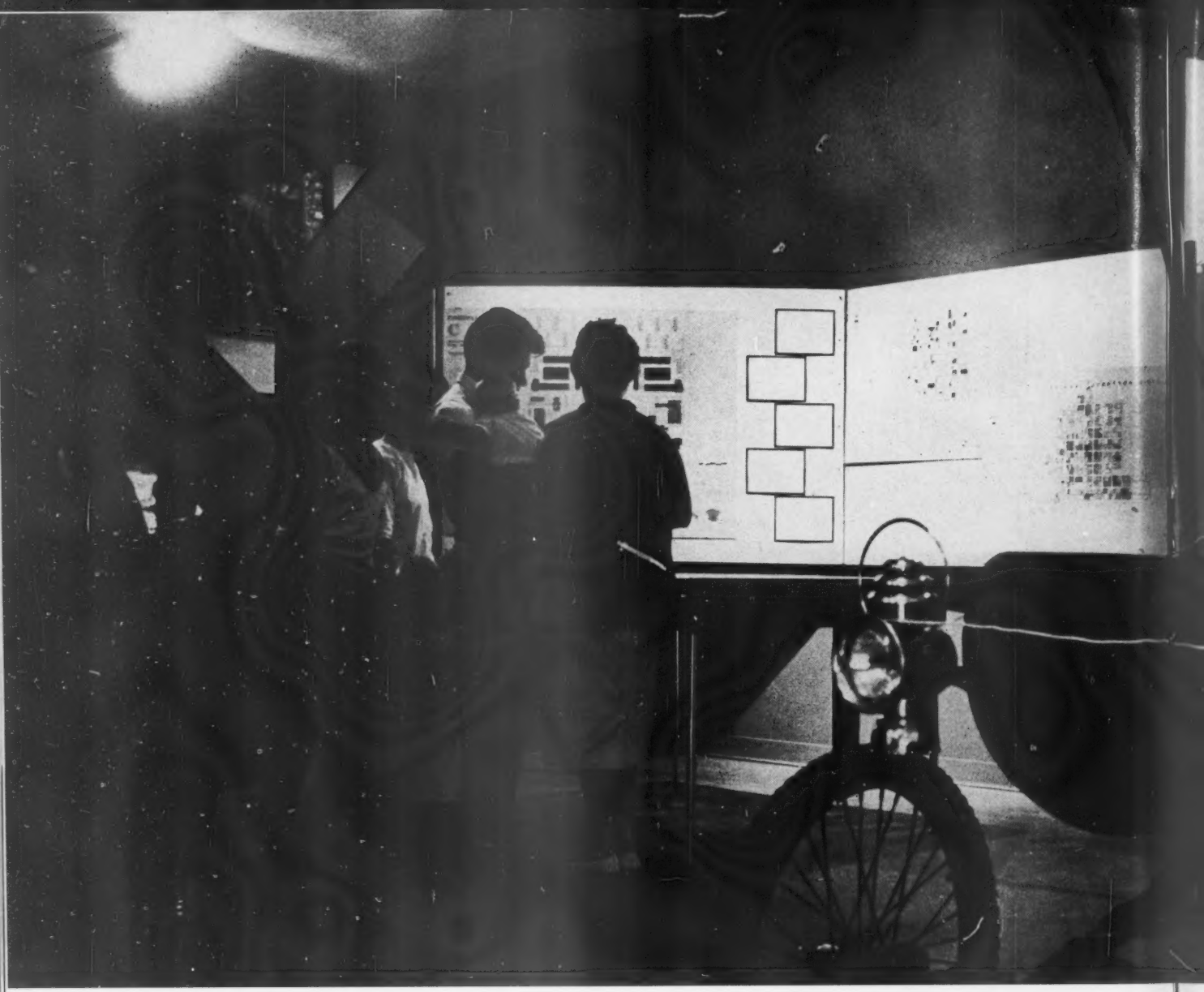
The Town That Wouldn't Give Up

by George Scullin

Evansville, Indiana, only a few years ago, faced a bleak future: some major industries had moved out, and the tax rolls were shrinking. Then, its people discovered how to cure an inferiority complex.

FIVE YEARS AGO, Evansville, Indiana, was a quaint old river town with an illustrious past, a desperately ailing present, and little future. Down at the foot of Main Street, aged, empty warehouses stared through dirty windows at a deserted waterfront, and a young sheriff named Frank McDonald was learning how to foreclose mortgages on businesses and homes while wondering when he might have to attach his own squad car. Three major industries and a score of lesser ones had moved to more progressive areas or gone broke, eliminating 27,000 jobs out of a total population of 140,000. At least a score of other firms were poised for flight, and taxable property, already down a million dollars, was sinking fast.

As dying Evansville plucked at its coverlet, it could justify its demise with a considerable amount of self-pity. At 150 years of age, it had to spend more money for repairs than young cities spent for progress. And in an automated world of concentrated populations, poor Evansville was all alone in the middle of a Midwestern nowhere, isolated by more



Today, Evansville's horseless carriage days are a thing of the past. Outshining this antique car in the Evansville Museum are illuminated, ultra

than 100 miles from such industrial centers as Indianapolis, Louisville, Nashville and St. Louis.

Today, hard-working Evansville is the acknowledged capital of a self-created geographical entity called the Tri-State Area — Southern Indiana, Southern Illinois and Western Kentucky — plus all the oil, coal, timber, cattle and agricultural wealth contained therein. It is located in the Valley of Opportunity at that fortuitous spot where the Beautiful Ohio flows through the center of the nation's market to create a metropolitan island of riches in the midst of a sea of natural resources.

What happened to Evansville?

It is still in the same place where, in 1803, Old Man Linxweiler's barge was stranded at the foot of what is now called Ingle's Coal Mine Hill, thus forcing him to become the first settler, and the father of the first white child born within the existing city limits. (All previous residents were Kickapoos, subsequently made famous by a 100-proof patent medicine.)

An excerpt from an envious editorial in the Louisville *Courier-Journal* supplies part of the answer: "Both cities (Evansville and Louisville) have relied heavily on hard-goods industries, and both have experienced a let-down in economic growth, in fact outright losses in some sectors. Both have downtown districts heavily owned by absentees and estates, and heavily plagued by vacancies and obsolescence. . . . Evansville, which is on the same river, has been luckier in a way. Things got so bad the city had to face up to its problems."

Yes, indeed, but the mere facing of its enormous problems was like facing a firing squad — courageous but futile. In an earlier dying effort Evansville had spent $300,000 to solve some of its problems and became so terrified at their size and number that it closed its eyes with a shudder. Irked by that experience, the new group determined that problems were not to be faced but eliminated.

To this day, no one admits to knowing who that new group was, the claim being that the new Evansville is the

minated, ultramodern plans for future development of the city's downtown area.

product of a spontaneous eruption of civic pride. Since civic pride was in a moribund state at that point, the claim is doubtful. A more likely story has a group of businessmen chatting on a street corner one night after a desultory Chamber of Commerce meeting in the summer of 1957. Servel, Inc., had closed its doors on 12,000 jobs; International Harvester had closed its branch on more thousands of jobs; and Chrysler, closing its Briggs Body works and Plymouth assembly plant, had taken 2,500 Evansville workers to its new plant in St. Louis. They were tired men, feeling discouraged and fast losing confidence in their ability to lead.

To the best of one participant's recollection, the gist of the conversation went like this: "No, this isn't for the Chamber of Commerce. People don't have any more confidence in us than anybody else. If the Chamber points out that City Hall hasn't changed in 50 years, if we claim our labor leaders are suffering from a militant inferiority complex, if we claim the whole town is suffering from senile stupidity, it will just be the Chamber spouting off again for another fund-raising drive. We've spearheaded enough lost causes. This time we don't need a spearhead. We need a broad base on which we can build. We need the whole town."

It is that idea of putting the whole town to work on its own salvation that is credited with sparking the eruption. Sweeping across all sociological lines — and in stratified Evansville these lines were like stone walls — the movement fired the enthusiasm of just about every industrial, labor, banking, newspaper, mercantile, hotel, clerical, academic, social, political and service leader in town and country. By mid-December, all united under the optimistic banner of Evansville's Future, Inc. And just to keep factional warfare out of it, the infant organization, with the future to gain and nothing to lose, selected as its first president the unbiased Dr. Melvin Hyde, president of the city's one booming product, Evansville College.

Young, vigorous Dr. Hyde might be unbiased, but he is strongly prejudiced in favor of hard work, self-honesty, applied research and direct action based on intelligent decisions. And he is a professor who believes that if his students are discreetly guided into solving their own difficult problems, they are better informed than if he gave them the answers in a ready-made lecture. Thus, instead of letting Evansville's Future tell Evansville what was wrong with the town, he proposed that the whole town take a serious look at itself, and tell Evansville's Future. And thus he avoided the pitfalls into which had dropped all previous efforts made by do-gooders and mean-wellers.

The proposal accepted by the directors of the new group was that it engage the services of an outside organization that would come in, interview hundreds of citizens of all walks of life, and from an analysis of these interviews draw up a report on what was good about the town, and what was in serious need of correction. At once several groups and companies volunteered to finance the survey, but, expressing the belief that the people are more interested in what they have to pay for, Evansville's Future launched its first campaign by ringing doorbells to the tune of $29,025.74, from 3,682 pockets.

The company selected to conduct the survey was Fantus Factory Locating Service of Chicago, experienced in finding attractive sites for factories as well as in avoiding bad ones. For $15,000 it could locate Evansville's good features; for a survey in depth, requiring another $10,000, it would locate all its bad features. Evansville's Future ordered the whole program, and as it turned out, without the exposure of the faults, the good points wouldn't have been worth the cost of finding them.

For the rest of that winter and well into the spring of 1958, Evansville people enjoyed the unique experience of expressing their frank opinion of the city in which they lived, and of seeing their opinions neatly noted instead of thrown away. In the usual interview the citizen would start out by stoutly defending his city, and only gradually would a few critical comments emerge. Toward the end, however, there would flow a gush of frank and bitter thoughts so long submerged as to astonish even the speaker.

Even so, Evansville was not prepared for the shock of seeing itself as others saw it.

Reported Fantus with cold impartiality: "Politics is a

dirty word in Evansville. Men of high quality and stature consider it beneath their dignity to run for office. . . ." This from interviews with men of quality and stature.

"Evansville is racked by pessimism, gloom, inability to work in unified fashion; one group stymies another simply because of personal differences. The city as a whole is unable to accomplish anything. . . .

"Evansville is a city with a great inferiority complex. Evansville people resent authority. Evansville people resent anyone in power, whether it be union power, government power, business power, or social power. . . ."

The Fantus Report put it all in a nutshell when it observed: "Citizens refuse to support community leaders."

Those six words, buried among tens of thousands of others, produced the largest howl of outrage. What community leaders?

That put Community Leader Dr. Hyde exactly where he wanted to be: on a well-spotlighted spot instead of working in the dark. With the Fantus Report to support him, he could point out that community leaders might well have failed to develop in a climate of veiled resentment, petty jealousy and futility. "But that was in the past," he said. "Our concern is with Evansville's future."

The membership of the group itself was a veritable talent pool of potential leaders. The first job was to put them to work. To that end the city's merits and faults as defined by the Fantus Report were divided into areas of investigation, and a committee appointed to explore each area.

There was no lack of problems to be solved. But some — what did the airport need to bring Evansville into the jet age — seemed fresh and exciting; and others — dingy and vacated buildings in the central business district — seemed dead-tired and insoluble. Evansville's Future found plenty of men who were willing to lead dashing new causes, but few who were willing to saddle what they considered to be dead horses.

The Beauticians

So a New Image Committee was formed, composed of all the advertising and public relations men of the various industries in town. They started at water level. In steamboating days the waterfront presented a solid array of great brick warehouses and saloons. The respectable part of town had turned its back on this roistering area, and now it stood deserted, the fort-like old warehouses too obsolete to be useful and too strong to fall down. But the New Image Committee, or the Beauticians as they call themselves, saw not this formidable barrier but a waterfront skyline more advantageously placed than Pittsburgh's.

As the Beauticians worked their way uptown and then out into the rich farmland, the oil wells, the coal mines and a few timber holdings, they took Evansville out of its Midwestern isolation and located it squarely in the Center of the Nation's Market. Incited by this new image, Evansville experienced a radical change of attitude, and all over town eager men stood ready to saddle dead horses and ride off in all directions.

One result is that today there are so many aggressive committees at work that time has become the one element in short supply. Last summer, when the Chamber of Commerce wanted to pay city-wide tribute to Swift & Company's 35th anniversary of its local packing plant (a thousand-plus payroll, $800,000 in recent plant expansion, and an annual purchase of $26 million in livestock), there was only one time of day open when the leaders could be brought together. At dawn. More than 250 leaders of industry, labor and finance were present for the sunrise breakfast, and this only three years after Evansville could ask with justified indignation, "What leaders?" — let alone the incredible fact that labor and management could break toast together.

A Cure for Inbred Apathy

But more than committee work was needed to shake Evansville loose from its inbred apathy. It needed cash. Evansville wanted to attract new industries, but it had no idea of where to put them, what the new industries might want in the way of water and sewage disposal, or what they might need in the way of communication and transportation. Worse, Evansville didn't even know what it had to offer along these lines. One frightened look around revealed that Evansville was but one of the 1,300 cities competing to attract some 220 major factories or factory branches created each year. And as the New Image Committee pointed out, putting Evansville in its new competitive bracket, New York, Chicago, Miami and Los Angeles could promise to the drop how much water they could deliver, how much sewage they could dispose of, and provide two or three books of information on what they had to offer in the way of freight rates, highway facilities, housing, schooling, and a few thousand other details.

A new organization was formed called the Evansville Industrial Foundation. Its purpose was to explore Evansville's industrial potential, create industrial parks attractive to new companies, and let the world know Evansville was open for business even if it had to — this was rough — offer the encouragement of financial assistance. It suggested, somewhat timidly, that as a non-profit organization it would need about a half-million dollars, or almost 20 times as much as Evansville had raised to pay for the Fantus Report. The money had to be given to the foundation, never to be returned and with no strings attached, and with only the vague suggestion that it might be tax-deductible. The campaign was announced, and — miraculously — from socks dug up in back yards all over town came some $600,000. Bemused, the committee sized up the checks from some companies and sent a few back. It didn't exactly suggest the companies were tight-fisted — there are some who say it did — but it did recommend that they do better. The fund swelled to nearly $800,000.

There were fumbles at the start. James Connell, executive vice president of Atlas Van-Lines, Inc., one of the first to be attracted by Evansville's claim to being in the center of everything, recalls visiting the city with the idea of moving his headquarters from Chicago to a less-congested, more centralized area.

"I could see they had what I wanted," he said recently. "Good schools, parks, museums, a symphony orchestra — a fine environment. But when I got down to business, they

didn't have any facts to offer. 'We're working on it,' they'd tell me. I gave up. Back in Chicago I was telling a couple of the men about this dumb town trying to sell something without even knowing what it had for sale when one of them asked me what I had done to sell the town on us. Well, Sir, we spent most of the night working that one over, and one thing we decided was that if we expected a lot from a community, the community had a right to expect a lot from us. We got our facts together, and when we went back, we had something definite to sell that Evansville wanted to buy. I think up to that time Evansville was like the old spinster who had to flirt with new suitors before it got too late, but was frightened of anyone who made a pass. When it found our intentions were honorable, things warmed up in a hurry and we've been happy ever since."

Evansville, with the van line's new $250,000 headquarters, a payroll growing past the 130-employee mark, and some new talent on its committees, has been happy, too.

Another result has been that Evansville has lost a lot of its spinsterish timidity in wooing new business. Let a company reveal its honorable intentions and the Chamber of Commerce Industrial Development Division, under the current chairmanship of A. B. Brown (whose other full-time job is president of Southern Indiana Gas and Electric Company), can find a desirable plant location in one of the three industrial parks or anywhere else within 20 miles around, supply it with detailed information on all facets of the Evansville economy, and advance up to a half-million in financial support, all within 24 hours.

Three groups — the Chamber of Commerce, Evansville's Future, Inc., and the Evansville Industrial Foundation — acting with what has been called "dedicated unanimity," supply the intiative and drive for a still broader program that includes all the service clubs, women's clubs, the PTA and right on through to the Brownies and Cub Scouts, better known in Evansville as "Our Future Leaders." When a husband calls home to say he will be held up by a committee meeting on more adequate storm sewers, his wife not only believes him, but suggests that they meet at any one of a score of fine restaurants — five years ago, hamburgers were hard to find after 8:00 p.m. — after she gets through with her committee meeting on riverfront beautification. As high as 100 such meetings have been held in a week with attendance running about 90 percent, and then more committee meetings are held to digest committee reports to see what is needed next. The latest was an Executive Recruiting Committee to bring in the junior crop of leaders for groundwork training — door-bell ringing for the United Fund, a rat census of back alleys, a survey of decaying buildings that should be torn down — and more than 300 responded in the first week. Another committee is being formed to see that this talent pool is properly absorbed.

Most remarkable is the crusading attitude of the committeemen. Assured at last that their findings and recommendations will not be filed in a wastebasket but will be belligerently implemented by the proper authorities, they have pulled out all stops on their zeal. So this swamp is valueless to industry, and can't be drained because it is lower than the high-water level of the Ohio? Then, recommended a committee that didn't have an engineer in the lot, dredge her out. Use the fill to build high land for industry; use the resulting deep-water hole for a barge terminal. The plan is being implemented by an engineering committee that can speak with authority.

They're planning more comeback projects. Left to right: William Greif, executive director of Evansville's Future, Inc., Walter Dreier, president of the Evansville Industrial Foundation, and Joseph O'Daniel, chairman of the Central Business District Committee.

These men are working on a new school. Since 1958, more than $9,000,000 have been spent on expanding and improving classroom facilities.

Recently, a transcontinental highway was laid out to bypass Evansville by 40 miles to the north. Five years ago, Evansville would not have been able to raise anything but a cry of protest at being bypassed. This time, within a matter of days, Evansville was able to recommend an alternate route through its northern boundary that would not only speed transcontinental traffic, save gasoline money on a water-level route, benefit the Center of the Nation's Market magnificently well, but save a few million on right-of-way costs. Armed with committee-raised facts to support its recommendation, it got its highway.

Probably the hardest-working committee of them all, is the one on labor-management relations. In some cases labor, feeling misled or mismanaged, had been hostile, and had

proved it. Management, in as many cases, had reacted by closing up shop and moving elsewhere.

The labor-management committee began by making a study of what other cities had done under similar circumstances. Somewhat to its surprise, it found that compared to a few other cities, labor in Evansville was downright cordial. Proclaiming that the difficulty was all based on misunderstanding — about as diplomatic an understatement as one could make — it announced a series of seminars in which labor and management could speak their pieces, with each meeting to be concluded with an hour or so of questions and answers. To ensure impartiality, the committee once more called upon Dr. Hyde to act as moderator.

Night of the Big Frost

Said Kenneth Kent, veteran automobile dealer, of that first meeting, "This town makes more refrigerators than anybody, but we had more frost in the air that night than all our plants combined could make. We were really refrigerating."

It was all to the good. As old animosities were brought out into the open, the frost melted perceptibly, and so successful have subsequent seminars become that Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg has sent observers to cover them in full with the idea of setting them up elsewhere.

There remains one more vital point in the revitalization of Evansville. A city is as strong as its local government, no matter how many aggressive committees it might have working within its corporate structure. On the other hand, a city gets the government it deserves, and the resurgent Evansville did not deserve the archaic, creaking structure it had inherited from the past. Two years ago, the new movement put up 46-year-old Frank McDonald for mayor. McDonald, for 10 years the sheriff of Vanderburgh County of which Evansville is the county seat, knew exactly what the Fantus Report meant when it said men of high stature considered it beneath their dignity to run for public office. Furthermore, as the official who had to foreclose on properties as companies or individuals went broke, as the official who had to move in when desperate working men got violent, as the official who had to jail the products of crime and civic indifference, he was a crusader who knew what he was talking about when he said, "Growth needs change, but Evansville needs everything."

On that platform McDonald was elected mayor, and was both astonished and gratified to be handed a set of books proving the city was in the black. But as he sent efficient accountants roving through the books, he found out why. The till was full for the simple reason that the city hadn't paid its bills. He paid all the bills, and the city was in the red.

He did not blame his predecessors. "Fantus was wrong about venal politicians," he said. "They were just men saddled with an administration system that went out when Abe Lincoln went in as President. All the money they took in for new streets and buildings had to be spent repairing the old. No one got rich on City Hall."

McDonald began by asking for a survey of the city's urgent problems. He was informed that would take eight months. His classic answer: "I said urgent. When you say eight months, you are talking as though this were the old city administration. I say eight weeks, or better yet, eight days."

He got it within the month. On one job alone — the maintenance of city vehicles ranging from fire engines and patrol cars to garbage trucks — he was able, through the establishment of a central mechanical division, to cut costs from $1,600 per vehicle to $400 on an annual basis. In his first year he put the city in the black, cut the tax rate by two cents, raised salaries, launched a two-and-a-half million dollar waterworks program, made a personal count of every chuck-hole in town — and a re-count to see that they had been filled in three months instead of six.

"In this United States," he says earnestly, "good government has to come first or there will be no private industry. If private industry puts itself first, there can be no good government."

By that he does not mean to put the civic and business organizations in their places. "They're the most fantastic leaders a mayor can get," he says admiringly. "To not cooperate and work with such talent would be foolish."

And, work with them he does. Jewett Davidson, his appointed non-political city controller who keeps an iron hand on the city till, was a leading dealer in automobiles and supplies, looking forward to a well-earned retirement, when he was tapped for a salary that at best can be called a token.

"Such experience you can't buy," says Mayor McDonald, and many another oldster who had been looking forward to retirement is now looking forward to Evansville's future. "If you want my opinion," volunteered a septuagenarian after a Rotary Club meeting, "what shuffleboard is to St. Petersburg, Florida, city planning is to us. My God, I've never had so much fun in my life."

But probably the most important lesson Evansville has learned is that if a city is to grow, 85 percent of that growth must come from assuring the growth of the industries it already has. One industry closing its door can discourage two from moving in. One industry enjoying expansion can encourage two to move in.

Evansville Learned to Make Love

So Evansville has learned the difficult feat of wooing new industries by making ardent love to the ones it has. A new program has committee members calling on new factories every three months to learn what more the city can do for them — and vice versa. The next program calls for all industries, old and new, to be visited at three-month intervals to see what more they might need for expansion, be it roads, barge terminals, electric power, tax adjustments, railway spurs, water, or whatever. It is amazing how much support you can rally that way for schools, recreational centers, orchestras, museums, the zoo, and more industries to create more support.

"A funny thing," says one old-timer. "We used to get up at dawn because we didn't have automation. Now we have to get up at dawn because we do. Nothing seems to take the place of starting the day right." •

The anatomy of the average business letter (see left) shows unmistakable signs of poor health: flabby phrases complicated by tired clichés. The author, a businessman, diagnoses the ailment and suggests a simple cure.

How to Write Letters They'll Want to Read

by Clarence B. Randall

SORRY AS I AM TO CONFESS it in public these days, when we so often boast of our progress, a conviction is growing in my mind: The writing of letters that are both gracious and effective is rapidly becoming a vanishing art among American businessmen. The urgency of our responsibilities and the tangled pattern of our engagements leave us little time for the amenities, least of all for the thoughtful cultivation of the written word as a means of self-expression. This is a genuine loss.

Our industrial forebears, the gentlemen with the frock coats, heavy beards and stand-up desks, had to scratch out their letters longhand, with steel pen points that were dipped in a messy ink well and stacked between times in a bowl of B.B. shot. The very clumsiness of the process compelled them to be thoughtful. And some of their communications were classics, both of substance and of style.

Today, we arrive at our desks in the morning out of breath and appalled at the masses of communications which

our secretaries have arranged in neat piles. Our instinct is to push them all aside, call instead for the blueprints of the new plant addition, or the chart of third quarter earnings, and then reach for the telephone. At best, we are prone to do no more than babble furiously into a dictating machine, hoping that somehow the overworked secretary will shape what we have said into some sort of readability. Hours later, we sign without looking.

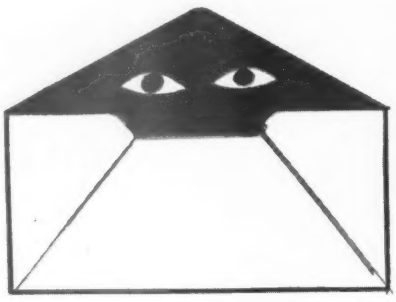
This is a strange paradox for a group which has such a passionate interest in the media of communication. Constantly we reach out in every direction, trying to bring our messages to all and sundry. Customers, employees, educators, social reformers, professional groups — we court them all assiduously. Yet here at our very hands, in the most literal sense, just waiting to be tailored to our precise purposes, is the most powerful medium of all: the direct man-to-man approach. If every member of the official family in a particular company would use it steadily and intelligently, great headway could be made in building good will for the institution.

I don't mean to suggest that the good letter is the one that is directly and avowedly self-serving. Quite the contrary. The best correspondence is that which is undertaken solely for its own sake, as a genuine manifestation of friendship. It is the expression of honest interest on the part of the writer in the affairs of the recipient, and has about it the quality of enduring mutuality.

To achieve this, the letter must be beamed directly at the special person to whom it is addressed. The man who reads it must be made to feel that the thoughts it contains are directed to him as an individual, and not as a member of a class or group. It must be written for him and no one else. The moment he suspects that this is a form letter, he feels downgraded, and his respect for the writer — and the institution he represents — diminishes sharply. His dignity is affronted, and it might have been better had he received no communication at all. The form letter, though meticulously typed to make it appear genuine, reveals itself even to the novice by its stilted language.

To observe the contrast between good letters and bad ones, watch any busy man as he thumbs through the newly arrived mail on his desk. At once he recognizes some letterheads which will carry nothing but banalities. These he passes without pause; he knows the writers of old. But there are some he lingers over, no matter how great the pressures of the moment, because he knows they will be choice.

I have known many fine letter writers, but I think of one business friend in particular whose letters are always sheer joy. They brighten my entire day. No matter how routine the character of the transaction they cover, they are crystal clear in meaning; and though invariably concise, they are



done in such a sprightly manner that they make me feel as though he were right there with me in the room.

The essence of the good letter is the idea it contains. If the central thought is vague or ambiguous, the message will be dull or confusing. No array of sonorous phrases can conceal a vacuum.

I sometimes wonder whether this is not the occupational weakness of industry today, whether executives are not just too busy to think. Plunging from one engagement to another, racing for planes, snatching a sandwich luncheon, as we all do, we work in an atmosphere that is not conducive to the orderly examination of important questions. There are times when what we need above everything else is to close the door and sit alone with our thoughts. We especially require such a period for composing an important letter, and we should not be too proud to draft — and redraft — a communication to be sure we say precisely what we mean. Once mailed, the letter is there for all time, and we must stand on the record.

Another rule we recognize as valid in principle, but often violate, is that no letter should be written in anger. There are few men capable of strong leadership who do not occasionally blow their tops, but those who are wise as well as strong know their own limitations, and they see to it that their wrath is not perpetuated on paper. They lay that particular matter over until the following day, and dissipate their anger in the surrounding atmosphere.

Next, after anger, the most dangerous thing to employ in a business letter is humor; after that, irony. Some men clown so continuously in their correspondence that no one takes them seriously. The wisecrack which goes over big at the luncheon table, and which even sounds funny when being dictated, can go very flat when it lies on the other man's desk. Gone is the smile in the eye and the hearty laugh that gave it body. But on the other hand, the gifted person who has mastered subtlety in the use of words may take risks with humor. With a deft phrase he can brighten the whole relationship, provided he has measured accurately the personality of his addressee.

In fact, individuality is the crux of the matter. The writer must at all times be himself so that there is never a moment's doubt in the mind of anyone that he composed the reply in person. No matter how apt a pupil the long-time assistant may become in drafting letters for his chief, no one who really knows the boss will long be deceived, and suspicion damages the relationship immediately.

This is the difficulty with documents prepared for group approval and handed along from one officer to the next for composite editing. The end result is invariably dull mediocrity. Each man strikes out the phrases which he himself would not employ, and this goes on until little is left between "Dear Sir" and "Very truly yours," except meaningless generality. The only effective way to prepare such a communication is for the man in charge to chair a conference in which there can be a full exchange of views, and then for him to assume sole responsibility for the writing.

The utmost in individuality is

achieved, of course, by the handwritten note. Nothing so compliments a friend as when a busy man, known to have an adequate staff, takes time to write a letter with his own pen. In such a letter, there is no danger that it will be encumbered with ponderous language or worn-out clichés. It speaks from the heart and tells the recipient that he is a very special person in the eyes of the writer. Young men who are privileged to receive words of commendation from a superior officer in this way never forget him. And it takes so little time. Just a scribble on a scratch pad is enough.

The flair for individuality must never be carried to the point, however, where the writer employs idioms that have meaning only for himself. In these days of specialization, each segment of business tends to develop a patter of its own, a shorthand which is understood by those in the cult, but which is gibberish to all others. Initials are bad offenders in this, and many a man who opens a letter is completely baffled by an abbreviation which fell unconsciously from the lips of the sender as he dictated. For an important message to reach its target, the idea must be expressed in the language of the man it is intended for, not the writer's.

Brevity needs no comment. Let the lawyers use the long, involved sentences, with many dependent clauses; they are usually read only by other lawyers anyway. Let the hallmark of the businessman be the compact phrase. Let the terseness of his prose be as much his characteristic as his punctuality. But brevity need not rudely eliminate felicity of expression. I have a business friend who writes me often. Never have I had a letter from him that was not gracious, yet never one that was more than one page in length. Just as a man may be always on time without being rude, so may a man be always pleasant and nevertheless concise in his writing.

What we really need is to take our letter-writing seriously, and to bring to it the same soberness of thought and meticulous attention to detail we expect from our subordinates in carrying out our instructions. We owe it to our cultural heritage to restore this vanishing art to the current business scene. ●

SOME WELL CHOSEN WORDS

Simplicity and candor give impact to the letter below, written by President Lincoln to one of his generals — Ulysses S. Grant.

My Dear General:

I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did — march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I thought it was a mistake. I now wish to make the personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong.

Yours very truly,
A. LINCOLN

A genuine display of friendship and a direct approach are evident in this turn-of-the century answer from entrepreneur C. E. Perkins to his broker, Henry Lee Higginson. The broker had offered to make good a loss for which he felt responsible. Perkins' answer crackles with feeling.

I have your letter of August 23rd, and while it is very good of you to suggest paying my losses on Wisconsin Central, I think, on reflection, that you will agree with me that it is an utterly impracticable scheme, and one which I cannot consent to for a moment.

In the first place, supposing you did buy the bonds for me without an order to do so (which I am not sure about), I nevertheless knew about it within a very short time, and could have sold out then and there had I chosen to do so; but, as I preferred to take the chance of profit, I also necessarily took with it the chance of loss. Had I sold at once I could, no doubt, have gotten out even or better.

In the second place, since that time, and perhaps before, you have put me into things or let me into things out of which I have made money. So if you are to pay losses on these Wisconsin Centrals, we must go through the books for about forty years and have an accounting; and I must pay you back, no doubt, considerably more than you are now proposing to pay back to me.

In the third place, considering our relations for the last forty years, I shall agree to nothing of the kind, and will see you damned first!

St. Nick In The Children's Ward

photos by Stuart Smith

For hospital shut-ins, Christmas is a poignant, bittersweet time, but a volunteer Santa Claus brings some sunshine to their day.

Anticipation brightens a small face as a long wait comes to an end. Church services have been attended, Santa has been applauded. Now real business of the day begins. Each child receives three presents.

Illness forgotten, young miss above examines her new possessions. Her dress is new, too, in keeping with the occasion. It was a gift from an anonymous donor.

The next treat involves the appetite, and being bedridden is no handicap to the patient at left. His toys have been temporarily abandoned for the pleasures of turkey and cranberry sauce.

No more gifts to open. The last bright packages have been unwrapped, the day's surprises exhausted; and calm returns to the ward. A young dreamer sits holding her toys.

A Visit With Victor Borge

THINK *visits the humorous piano-playing Dane and his well-populated household to discuss comedy, music and Victor Borge's way with both.*

by Arthur Herzog

"Humor is a branch of the arts. Humor is not what you create but something *with which* you create. It is a paintbrush in a painter's hand. With humor you can create anything . . . happiness to revolution."

VICTOR BORGE IS A DARKLY HANDSOME, long-nosed, mobile-faced Dane of 52 years, who has managed to combine classical music and humor — satire, puns, *non sequiturs,* whimsey and such acoustical oddities as oral musical punctuations — to the evident delight of American audiences, highbrow and low. Indeed, Borge seems to amuse almost everybody, and his *Comedy in Music,* which broke all records for one-man shows on Broadway, is still touring the country after more than 2,000 performances. Neither the show, nor Borge, gives any sign of running down.

We called on Victor Borge at ViBo Farms (the name derivation is obvious), a baronial, 500-acre estate in Connecticut where Borge lives with his wife, five children, his manager, a score of servants and gardeners, 300 mink, 100 sheep, five horses, three pet deer, swans, dogs, pheasant, peacocks, a few Rock Cornish hens and heaven knows what else. Borge's wife, Sarabel, whom Borge calls by her middle name, Sanna, is a tall, comely lady from Kentucky with an air of authority. She was seated on a large terrace commanding a small lake, a sheep-covered hill and a swimming pool. Borge believes in living well.

"Isn't it lovely," Mrs. Borge was saying. "To think we've only been able to be here three weeks this year. Borge is working *all* the time. The younger children and I often go with him if he stays two or more weeks in any place. We're putting in an insect control system, which protects you outdoors. Borge can't stand mosquitoes and flies, though he can't bear to kill them, either. *That's* a problem."

Borge entered, looking very much the suburban squire in a linen shirt, cuffless checked trousers, red socks and black moccasins. Mrs. Borge said to him, as though she had been lecturing recently on the merits of exercise, "This gentleman's been telling me about a famous doctor. He's 74 years old, but he still chops wood."

"Is he making his own matches?" Borge asked. Mrs. Borge looked amused.

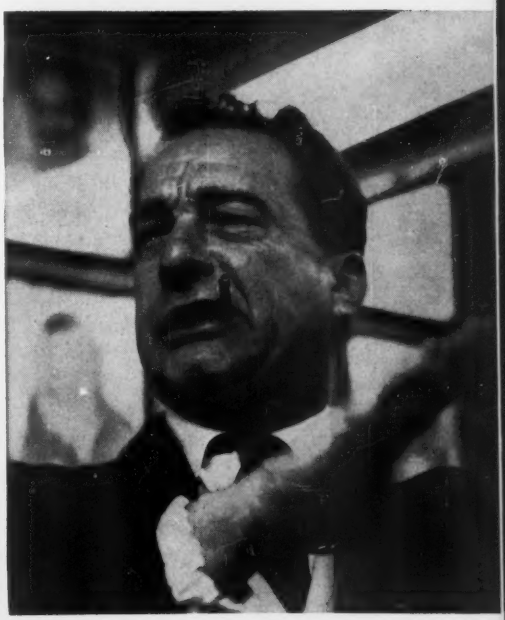
A few minutes of spontaneous broad comedy followed: Mrs. Borge's parents, visitors at ViBo, had come on the porch, and Borge amused them by pretending to get his foot caught in a brass spittoon which happened to be there. Then Borge took his guest inside.

Although the Borge house is large, such is the quantity of adults and children that it seemed difficult to find a quiet corner, and Borge himself sometimes escapes to the stables. After several unsuccessful expeditions into various chambers, Borge led his guest to the music room. We asked him, first, how he classified himself as an entertainer.

"I'm not a comic or a comedian," he said. I would call myself a humorist or a satirist. I don't use comic devices on the stage. I don't come in with a hat and a cane and I'm not a stand-up comedian who tells jokes. What I do is satire on traditional behavior in the world of music. It is based on real situations.

All humor is satire. Yes, I would

"There are more opportunities for comedians than there used to be . . . but too much of the humor is artificial. . . ."



". . . records are in many cases perfect . . . [But] the live performer may have a spontaneity that the record lacks."

"Some comedians are really actors, delivering funny lines. I'm not. I'm much the same on stage and off."

say that there definitely is an element of cruelty in it — my own. My humor is built on something I know very well, the concert stage. Musicians are my best audience because they know what I'm doing. When I fall off the piano — that is, when I fell off the piano; I stopped doing it because it hurt — I wasn't taking a pratfall, though some may have thought so. I've never taken a pratfall in my life. I'm suggesting that the pianist, in his excitement, gets carried away by the opening chords in the Tchaikovsky piano concerto which takes him all the way to the right. He ends on the floor. The trained musician knows that it could happen, it should have happened. If it hasn't happened it's a miracle.

"Some comedians are really actors, delivering funny lines. I'm not. I'm much the same on stage and off. I don't mean that fabricated humor, like storytelling, doesn't take great skill. But a humorist is more of a creator. Humor is a branch of the arts. Humor is not what you create but something *with which* you create. It is a paintbrush in a painter's hand. With humor you can create anything — from happiness to revolution.

A Riot in San Francisco

"Let me give you an example. In San Francisco I received a letter from a man apologizing for the coughing in the audience when I played "Clair de Lune." I played it perfectly straight. That evening I said to the audience, 'I understand there are people who cough when I play "Clair de Lune" who have never before coughed in their lives.' Then I began to play. Somebody coughed. Then everybody was coughing. It was a riot. I went on playing. When I finished I didn't know what to do next, so I started coughing too. It brought down the house." Borge looked pleased with himself.

Victor Borge, the humorist, was originally an aspiring concert pianist. He was a nervous musician, and, to establish a bond between himself and the audience, he began making offhand remarks about the compositions he was about to play. These sallies were so well received that Borge gradually built an act with which he became one of Denmark's top entertainers.

As the war approached, Borge lampooned the Nazis and in 1940, when it was no longer safe to stay, he came to this country. In Hollywood, in 1941, Borge was hired for a guest appearance on the Bing Crosby radio show, and appeared there for 56 consecutive weeks, establishing himself as a leading entertainer, though he admits that he did not understand 80 percent of the English into which his material was translated.

His English improved, and in 1953 Borge opened *Comedy in Music* on Broadway at his own expense, because nobody believed the show would be popular. It made box office history. Today, Borge's fee for an appearance is $10,000. Many of his performances are for charity, including appearances for CARE. He does, by choice, one and only one television show of his own a year. But his biggest money maker is still *Comedy in Music*.

We asked Borge what he thought of the state of comedy in the United States.

"There are more opportunities for comedians than there used to be," he said, "mostly because of television, but too much of the humor is artificial, fabricated.

"Show business has become such a big industry that there is an enormous need for talent. The good talent is overexposed. The demand on it is so tremendous that they aren't satisfied letting the best comedians do what they can do best. The comedians keep trying something new.

"I believe that there are certain people — critics, columnists, people dominant in the industry — who determine what goes on television. They always insist on something new, regardless of artistic value. They force the humorist to overexpose himself. All of us are limited in our abilities. If what the performer possesses is valuable, it shouldn't be changed for change's sake. Let him repeat his best stuff. Let new generations see it."

We asked Borge if he thought that comedians or humorists like Mort Sahl and Shelley Berman represent a new comic tradition. Borge said he doesn't think so. "The humor is the same, the circumstances are new. We live in a technological age where there is a wide spread of information and a greater range of acceptance. People have a broader familiarity with things, therefore there is more material for humor."

We turned to music, asking Borge whether he thought the enormous sale and use of classical records had any bad effect on live performances. "The trouble is that the records are in many cases perfect. After they've put together four bars from one 'take' and four from another they end up with a technically perfect rendition. I worry that the audience will be disappointed when the live performer simply isn't that perfect. On the other hand, the live performer may have a spontaneity that the record lacks.

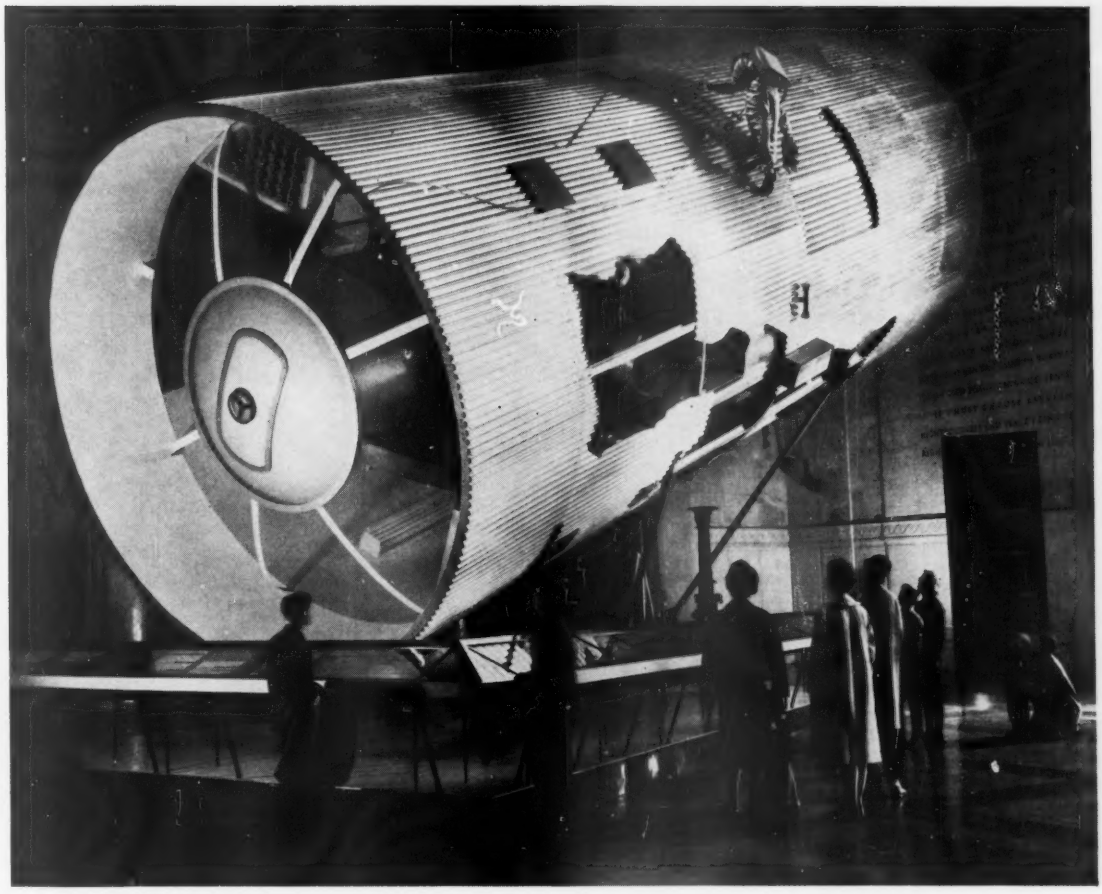
Borge on Modern Music

"Of course, technology is having a marvelous effect, too. People are hearing and learning music today as never before. Look at the sale of records or the growth of amateur music groups. It's all based on familiarity. My own children, who hear music every day, go about humming Brahms. Modern music will come to be just as familiar, even things that we don't think of as melodious. Modern music has its own melodies. They said that Debussy had no idea of melody! We've been trained for generations to understand Mozart. Modern composers like Shostakovich and Bartók will become just as familiar. In music, like comedy, technology is helping us toward an ever wider range of appreciation, and, on the whole, it's wonderful."

As his guest was preparing to depart Borge explained that his celebrated business in Rock Cornish hens is still being carried on, but the birds are sold by franchised growers over the country instead of from ViBo proper. With the birds gone, Borge wants to sell the farm and move closer to New York City.

"We had an outdoor insect control system installed today," Borge said. "Let's go see if it works." He pressed a button, and, from the trees, a cloud of vapor momentarily filled the air. Borge slapped his arms, as if he were being bitten. "Now we won't have mosquitoes. Everybody in Connecticut who is trying to escape them will be here in a minute."

The evening show at the Borges' was getting under way. ●



Space Laboratory

The aluminum cylinder above, as large as a four-room house, is a model of a space laboratory designed to carry a team of astro-scientists in orbit 350 miles above the earth for long periods of time. It is being shown at the American Museum of Natural History in New York to illustrate some of the living problems man faces in a space environment, as well as the research methods and equipment he will use to solve these problems.

The space laboratory, designed by the Martin Company, is called ARIES, for Authentic Representation of an Independent Earth Satellite. Its four compartments contain a complete space kitchen, sleeping and sanitation facilities, and simple recreation and exercising equipment. Animal compartments, hydroponic gardens, an astrophysical observatory and facilities for biomedical studies are also represented in the model.

Also shown is a model space library which could hold more than four million pages of microfilmed reading material. The same compact unit contains television and a facility by which letters could be written, transmitted to earth and then posted by a system similar to World War II V-mail. Power for light, refrigeration, atmosphere regeneration and experiments would be provided by two nuclear reactors. These would trail the laboratory on booms, far enough behind so that crewmen would not be exposed to the danger of nuclear radiation.

The weight of ARIES (5½ tons for the model, 15 tons for an actual flight vehicle) is such that it could be launched into orbit with an uprated Titan II missile, or by the Saturn booster being developed by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. It would be boosted into a 350-nautical-mile, 28½-degree orbit, low enough to avoid damage from the Van Allen radiation belts. At more than 18,000 miles an hour, the laboratory would circle the earth in 96 minutes, or 15 times each 24-hour day. Once the laboratory began orbiting, supplies and a five-man laboratory staff would be launched into the same orbit and rendezvous trajectory in a special space ferry vehicle; this would lock onto the laboratory, unload men and supplies, then return to earth. The space laboratory is designed to remain in orbit for 10 years. Crews could be rotated every month or two.

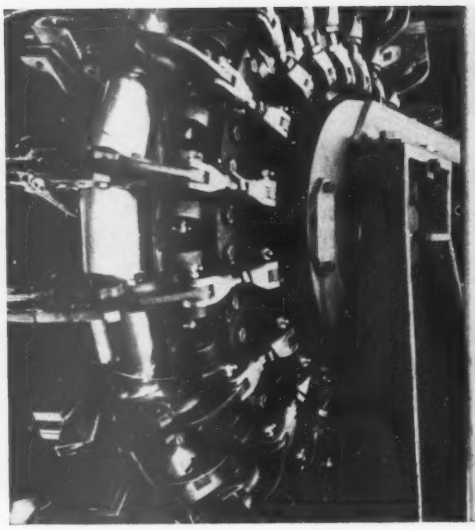
Two Thousand per Minute

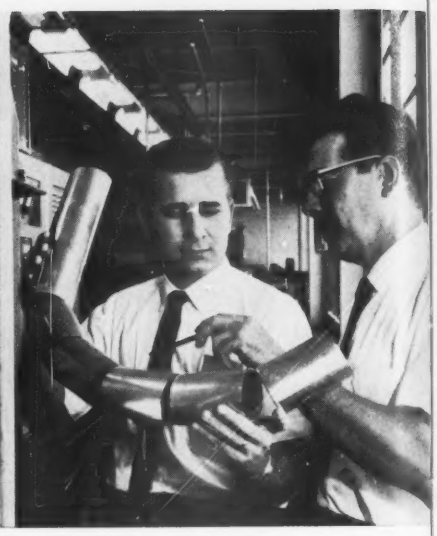
The section of uncut cans shown at right is just off a new machine which turns out aluminum or tin plated steel cans three times faster than conventional machines. Developed by the American Can Company, the machine is described as the first major advance in can-making machinery in over 25 years, making cans at speeds up to 2,000 per minute. On conventional machines, maximum speed is about 600 per minute.

"The new process," says William F. May, company vice president and general manager of its Canco Division, "can be likened to the difference between a jet turbine and a piston engine; the latter an example of reciprocating action, and the jet turbine an example of continuous action."

Conventionally, cans are made from individual blanks of tin plate cut to the size of a single can body; these are fed automatically into a machine that processes them.

The new machine makes cans from a continuous ribbon of metal sheet. It forms this ribbon into a tube and welds the sides together. Then it cuts the ribbon into cans of proper size on a giant wheel (see photograph) at the end of the operation.





Forecasts for Farmers

Dr. F. W. Reichelderfer, chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau, has announced a new service for farmers. A pilot project, operating in the Mississippi Delta area since October 1958, has already saved farmers in the region several million dollars in replanting and spraying costs. The new service gives the best times for planting, spraying, harvesting, and other important farm operations. Frequent weather forecasts will be provided by a teletype circuit covering several areas; local radio and TV stations, as well as farm publications and newspapers, will be connected to the forecast office by the network. During the crop season, observation stations will report daily to forecasting centers. And in areas where crops are dusted by planes, special forecasts will enable pilots to avoid time-consuming individual briefing via long-distance telephone.

The Mississippi Delta pilot project is now being expanded to include parts of Arkansas, Missouri, Northeastern Mississippi and Tennessee. By next spring, the program will be extended to the lower Rio Grande Valley, to parts of Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Maryland, Michigan, New Jersey, Oregon, Virginia and West Virginia.

In preparation for the new program, the Weather Bureau is providing university training in agricultural meteorology for key personnel, and a three-week training course for other personnel in the program. This close cooperation among farmers, agricultural scientists, extension workers and meteorologists will enable forecasters to know what weather information is most important to farmers at any particular time. The program will help increase basic knowledge of the effects of weather on farming and other agricultural activities.

Christmas Shopping by Computer

In one of the Southwest's best-known department stores, Neiman-Marcus of Dallas, they've given an electronic computer a new, seasonal job. The computer can be used by Christmas shoppers to help them decide what to buy and whom to buy it for. To use the service, shoppers simply fill out a form describing the person for whom a gift is intended. The description includes sex, age, relationship, profession and hobbies, and also the price range of the gift. The information is then coded on a card which is fed into a solid-state data processing computer. The computer first reads the card to get an electronic image of the person, then scans a list of some 2,000 gift suggestions. The result is a printed list of 10 suitable gifts. The whole process takes less than a minute.

Sit Still for Fresh Water

The Army has developed a new method of making fresh water for survivors of sea disasters. The device used in the process is called a "sit still." It was devised by Dr. Clyde S. Barnhart, an entomologist, and was developed by the Army Engineer Research and Development Laboratories, Fort Belvoir, Virginia. It operates by using the heat from the sun or from the body of an individual. It consists of a sheaf of five sheets about the size of standard typewriter paper: black plastic film on top, a piece of paper toweling or cloth, then a water repellent screen, a sheet of aluminum foil and a cloth backing for the foil. A sponge completes the kit.

The fresh water is made by condensation. The five sheets are dipped into the ocean, excess water is drained and the aluminum foil wiped dry. Reassembled with the plastic film on top, the sheaf is exposed to the heat of the sun, or, if the day is cloudy, to the body heat of a survivor, who simply sits on it. The heat penetrates to the aluminum foil, which is then cooled by the bottom, salt-water-soaked cloth. In the cooling process, fresh water con-

denses on the foil, and the survivor sponges up the water, which may be only a few drops but enough to keep him alive. Volume can be increased by adding sheets of toweling, screen and foil. With additional sets of sheets, a survivor can obtain about a pint of water in 16 hours.

Atoms v. Brain Tumors

Through a joint effort of the U. S. Navy, Harvard University and surgeons of the Massachusetts General Hospital, a two-year-old girl now has a chance to lead a normal life. A powerful, 160 million electron volt proton beam, generated by a Navy-sponsored cyclotron at Harvard, has been used to treat the two-year-old's deep-seated brain tumor, which could not be removed surgically.

First, test irradiations with a radiosensitive chemical were made on a wax model of the child's brain. Then came the actual treatment, a series of three exposures to the proton beam, spaced two weeks apart. After treatment, it is reported, the tumor shrank to 20 percent of its original size, the child gained eight pounds, and she now "plays happily with other children and has an emotional and motor performance compatible with her age." The only remaining symptom is a mild visual defect.

This new method of treating tumors in human beings was described in a paper by Dr. Raymond N. Kjellberg, a neurosurgeon at Massachusetts General Hospital, who has been studying the technique in association with Dr. William H. Sweet, chief of neurosurgery at the hospital and associate professor of surgery at Harvard Medical School. Dr. Kjellberg presented his paper at the Second International Congress of Neurological Surgeons in Washington. Since this is the first time the treatment has been used, it is reported, there is no previous experience to indicate what side effects may be expected, or whether the tumor is permanently reduced.

The final outcome of the treatment will not be determined until the child has been under observation for some time. She will be X-rayed in about four months to check on her progress and to see if there has been further tumor reduction.

Harvard and Massachusetts General Hospital are now planning to submit a proposal to the Office of Naval Research and other government agencies for exploring further biomedical uses of the proton beam.

Flu Warning

Dr. Luther L. Terry, Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service, has announced that an influenza epidemic may hit the country this winter. "We are probably due for some Asian flu outbreaks," Dr. Terry says, "since they come in two to three year cycles, and we are overdue for Type B flu outbreaks which come in four to six year cycles. Asian flu has been dormant here since March 1960 and it has been more than six years since we had Type B flu in this country." He recommends influenza vaccine especially for persons in three groups which accounted for most of the 86,000 deaths caused by flu between September 1957 and March 1960. These groups are: Persons with heart disease, pulmonary disease, diabetes and other chronic illnesses; persons over 65; and pregnant women. "The most tragic aspect of flu," Dr. Terry says, "is that it is fatal to so many people who, in spite of their age or chronic impairments, could otherwise enjoy many more years of relatively good health."

The Clam Eaters

Cliché to the contrary, the clam's life is not exactly a happy or secure one, and the threat to its security is the hungry starfish. A scientist has finally discovered just how starfish can decimate clam and oyster beds. And while clam and oyster farmers still have no all-purpose method of preventing the attacks, at least they know the starfish strategy.

Dr. Allison L. Burnett is the scientist who made the discovery; he reports it in the November issue of *Natural History,* monthly journal of The American Museum of Natural History. Before his discovery, there were two erroneous theories concerning this phenomena: one, that the starfish secreted a poison that killed the clam, caused the muscles to relax and allowed the valves of its sealed shell to open; two, that the starfish opened the clam by sheer force.

The poison theory is false. The theory of force is more nearly correct — but there's more to it. The starfish does use a sustained pull, 7 to 10 pounds, and pries the clam's valves open, but only a crack, as little as 4/100 of an inch. The secret of its strategy lies in its stomach. It then *everts* its stomach, slips it into the minute opening, digests the clam, withdraws its stomach, and swims off in search of another victim.

CONTRIBUTORS

DEAN ROY PEARSON ("Christmas as Usual?") is Dean of the Andover Newton Theological School and President of Andover Theological Seminary. He is also a frequent contributor to THINK.

GEORGE SCULLIN ("The Town that Wouldn't Give Up") was born in St. Paul, Iowa. During World War II he was a navigator in the Air Transport Command, has been free-lancing ever since. Though he now lives on Long Island, New York, he has covered the towns on both the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, and he enjoyed his Evansville assignment. "I like these old river towns," he says, "and it was good to see one with a lot of progress. Evansville is one of the nicest."

CLARENCE B. RANDALL ("How to Write Letters They'll Want to Read") is a former chairman of the board of Inland Steel and chairman of the board of President Eisenhower's Council on Foreign Economic Policy. He also writes a good letter.

THINK PICTURE CREDITS: Reading across pages left to right, then down — Front cover, inside front, pages 2-11: Robert M. Mottar. Page 12: Alfred Chiesa. 15, 16-17, 19: Homer Page. 21, 22: Ben Carucci, THINK Magazine. 24, 25: Stuart Smith. 26, 27: Arthur Schatz — Photography USA. 29: Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History. 30: Authenticated News. Inside back cover: Clemens Kalischer — DPI. Back cover: E. B. Henderson — DPI.

THOUGHTS

Come now the wild dark days when the house seems like a lovely warm little island with winter billowing outside.

Gladys Taber

Standing by the crib of one's own baby, with that world-old pang of compassion and protectiveness toward this so little creature that has all its course to run, the heart flies back in yearning and gratitude to those who felt just so toward one's self. Then for the first time one understands the homely succession of sacrifices and pains by which life is transmitted and fostered down the stumbling generations of men.

Christopher Morley

If we had intellectual vigour enough to ascend from effects to causes, we would explain political, economical and social phenomena less by credit sheets, balance of trade and reparations than by our attitude towards God.

Bishop Fulton J. Sheen

Winter air is one of the things that can be still without being stagnant. As a matter of fact, the stiller it is the more it seems to tingle with life.

Robert Lynd

If a dog will not come to you after he has looked you in the face, you ought to go home and examine your conscience.

Woodrow Wilson

He who shall introduce into public affairs the principles of primitive Christianity will change the face of the world.

Benjamin Franklin

It is the custom to sneer at the modern apartment-house, television, big-city Christmas, with its commercial taint . . . office parties, artificial . . . Christmas trees . . . but future generations in search of their lost Christmases may well remember its innocence; yes, and its beauty, too.

Paul Gallico

The hardest thing any man can do is to fall down on the ice when it's slippery, and get up and praise the Lord.

Josh Billings

It's good to have money and the things that money can buy; but it's good to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.

George Horace Lorimer

Hymn for a Household

Shepherd of mortals, here behold
A little flock, a wayside fold
That wait thy presence to be blest —
O Man of Nazareth, be our guest.

Daniel Henderson

There's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

William Shakespeare

I have been told that one of the reasons the astronomers of the world cooperate is the fact that there is no one nation from which the entire sphere of the sky can be seen. Perhaps there is in that fact a parable for national statesmen, whose political horizons are all too often limited by national horizons.

Adlai E. Stevenson

He is a good man who can receive a gift well.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

The strongest argument for the unmaterialistic character of American life is . . . that we tolerate conditions that are, from a materialistic point of view, intolerable . . . the food we eat, the cramped apartments . . . the crowded subways. . . . American life, in large cities, at any rate, is a perpetual assault on the senses and the nerves; it is out of asceticism, out of unworldliness, precisely, that we bear it.

Mary McCarthy

We like little children, because they tear out as soon as they get what they want.

Kin Hubbard

In choosing presents people should remember that the whole point of a present is that it is an extra.

E. V. Lucas

Men are cruel, but Man is kind.

Tagore

If there were in the world today any large number of people who desired their own happiness more than they desired the unhappiness of others, we could have a paradise in a few years.

Bertrand Russell

The man who knows his worth respects his fellow man because he respects himself first. He does not boast; is not self-seeking; nor does he force his personal opinion on others.

Harry M. Banfield

Above, Christmas in the country, Peacham, Vermont.

Back cover, Christmas along Park Avenue, New York City.